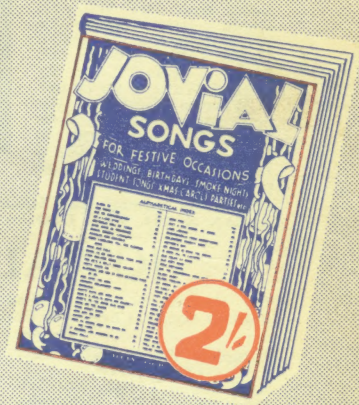


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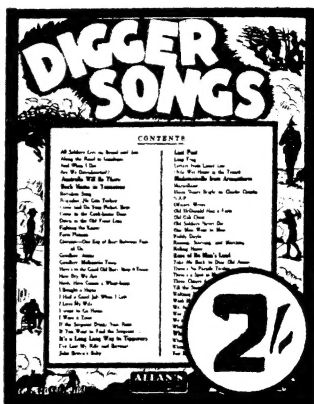


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CONTENTS

	No.
All Soldiers Live on Bread and Jam	22
Aloha Oe	111
And When I Die	24
Apres la Guerre Fini	6
Are We Down-hearted ?	18
Auld Lang Syne	74
Australia Will be There	31
Back Home in Tennessee	58
Battalion Song	30
Because We're Here	32
Bonnie Banks of Loch Lomond	77
Bridal Chorus	108
Brigadier He Gets Turkey	35
British Grenadiers	7
Carry On	103
Cockles and Mussels	98
Come and Do Your Picket	52
Come, Landlord	87
Come to the Cook House Door	51
Dear Old Pals	106
Down in the Old Front Line	46
Drink to Me Only	82
Eton Boating Song	72
Fighting the Kaiser	15
For He's a Jolly Good Fellow	70
Form Platoon	11
Forty Years On	71
Glorious	27
God Save the King	105
Good-bye, Anzac	92
Good-bye, Melbourne Town	45
Gundagai	50
Happy Birthday to You	104
Happy Days are Here	78
Here's a Health Unto	96
Here's to the Good Old Beer	41
Home on the Range	107
Home, Sweet Home	85
How Do You Do ?	88
How Dry We Are	44
How Ya Gonna Keep	110
Hush, Here Comes a Whizz Bang	17
I Bought a Horse	55
If the Sergeant Drinks Your	20
If you want to Find the Sergeant	33
I Had a Good Job	26
I Love My Wife	25
It's the Navy	94
I've Lost My Rifle	84
I Want to Go Home	42

Jingle Bells	61
John Brown's Baby	62
John Peel	97
Leap Frog	47
Let's Have Another	2
Letters from Lousy Lou	21
Little Wet Home in the Trench	37
Mademoiselle from Armentieres	12
Mademoiselle Version Re-Union	13
Marseillaise, La	66
Melbourne Varsity Song	76
Michael Finnigan	89
Moon Shines Bright on Charlie	23
Mother's Day	109
My Bonnie is over the Ocean	81
N.A.P.	29
O Come, All Ye Faithful	102
Officers' Wives	54
Old Folks At Home	60
Old Grey Mare	83
Old Macdonald Had a Farm	59
Old Oak Chest	48
Old Soldiers Never Die	43
Old Squire	3
One Man Went to Mow	49
Paddy Doyle	53
Raining, Starving, Marching	38
Rolling Home	39
Rose of No Man's Land	9
Rule, Britannia	16
See the Conquering Hero	57
Silent Night	93
Silver Threads Among	91
Sit Down	4
So Early in the Morning	80
Sons of the Sea	1
Take Me Back to Aussie	100
There Is a Tavern	68
There'll Always be an England	95
There's a Spot in My Heart	40
There's No Parade To-day	69
Three Cheers for the Bread	10
Till the Stew in the Dixie	19
Till We Meet Again	73
Tipperary	14
Vive l'Amour	56
Voice that Breathed O'er	64
Waltzing Matilda	99
Wash Me in the Water	86
Wedding March	63
Wee Deoch-an-Doris	34
We Haven't Seen the Kaiser	36
What Did You Join the Army	90
When Johnnie Comes Marching	79
When the Stew Is on the Table	8
When We Get Our Civvy Clothes	28
When We're Together	101
Why Was He Born so	67
Will Ye No' Come Back	75
You Know What	5
You're Twenty-one To-day	65

1

SONS OF THE SEA

By McGlennon.

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Sons of the sea, all British born,
Sailing ev'ry ocean, laughing foes to scorn,
They may build their ships, my lads, and think they
 know the game,
But they can't beat the boys of the bulldog breed, who
 made old England's name.

2 LET'S HAVE ANOTHER BEFORE WE GO

Let's have another before we go,
Let's have another before we go,
One more drink before we part,
Just one more drink before we part.

3

THE OLD SQUIRE

The old Squire has been most foully murdered.
What, again ?
Yes, again.
Then all is lost ?
No, all is not lost.
Why, who can save him ?
I can.
And who are you ?
Bill the Blighter from the Bush.

4

SIT DOWN, SIT DOWN

Sit down, sit down, sit down, sit down,
Sit down, sit down, sit down, sit down.

5

YOU KNOW WHAT

Sons of the You Know What,
All British You Know What,
Sailing every You Know What,
From night till early You Know What.
They may build their You Know What,
And think they know their You Know What,
But they can't build boys of the You Know What,
Who made old England's You Know What.

6

APRES LA GUERRE FINI ?

Apres la Guerre fini,
Soldat Austrahl parti,
Estiminay avec vin ordinay,
Apres la Guerre fini.
Apres la Guerre fini,
Soldat Austrahl parti,
Shall be dreaming of our cherie Marie,
Apres la Guerre fini.

7**THE BRITISH GRENADIERS**

Some talk of Alexander,
And some of Hercules.
Of Hector and Lysander,
And such great names as these ;
But of all the world's brave heroes,
There's none that can compare,
With a tow, row, row, row, row, row,
To the British Grenadier.
Whene'er we are commanded,
To storm the palisades,
Our leaders march with fuses,
And we with hand grenades ;
We throw them from the glacis,
About the enemies' ears,
Sing tow, row, row, row, row, row,
The British Grenadiers.

8 WHEN THE STEW IS ON THE TABLE

When the stew is on the table,
When the stew is on the table,
When the stew is on the table,
When the stew is on the table, I'll be there.

When the beer is in the tankard,
When the beer is in the tankard,
When the beer is in the tankard,
When the beer is in the tankard, I'll be there.

9**THE ROSE OF NO MAN'S LAND**

By Caddigan and Brennan.

I've seen some beautiful flowers,
Grow in life's garden fair,
I've spent some wonderful hours
Lost in their fragrance rare,
But I have found another,
Wondrous beyond compare.

Chorus :

There's a rose that grows on "no man's land,"
And it's wonderful to see,
Tho' it's sprayed with tears, it will live for years
In my garden of memory.
It's the one red rose the soldier knows,
It's the work of the Master's hand,
'Mid the war's great curse, stands the red cross nurse
She's the rose of "no man's land."

Out of the Heavenly splendour,
Down to the trail of woe,
God in His mercy has sent her,
Cheering the world below.
We call her the Rose of Heaven,
We've learned to love her so.

Copyright, Leo Feist, Inc., New York.

10 THREE CHEERS FOR THE BREAD, JAM AND STEW

Three cheers for the bread, jam and stew,
Three cheers for the bread, jam and stew,
If it wasn't for the hunger after marching,
How the hell could the boys eat the stew?

11 FORM PLATOON

At the halt on the left form platoon,
At the halt on the left form platoon,
If the odd numbers don't mark time two paces,
How the hell can the boys form platoon?

12 MADEMOISELLE FROM ARMENTIERES

Oh, Mademoiselle from Armentieres, Parley Vous ?
Oh, Mademoiselle from Armentieres, Parley Vous ?
Oh, Mademoiselle from Armentieres,
She hasn't been kissed for forty years,
Inky, pinky, Parley Vous ?

Two Aussie officers crossed the Rhine, Parley Vous ?
Two Aussie officers crossed the Rhine, Parley Vous ?
Two Aussie officers cross'd the Rhine,
To meet the ladies and taste the wine,
Inky, pinky, Parley Vous ?

Oh, Mademoiselle from Armentieres, Parley Vous ?
If gone to her grave after all these years, Parley Vous ?
But still the Diggers between their beers,
In voices terribly close to tears, sing
Inky, pinky, Parley Vous ?

The men from Wagga and Gundagai, Parley Vous ?
From Perth, The Towers, and Boggabri, Parley Vous ?
Sydney, City, and Dandenong,
Will think of you as they battle along,
Inky, pinky, Parley Vous ?

In the press, Tex Morton's Australian Bush Ballads and Old-Time Songs, words and music of over 20 songs, including The Black Sheep, Dying Stockman, Stockman's Last Bed, The Eumerella Share. All have guitar chords. Price 2/6, posted 2/9.

13 VERSION FOR RE-UNION NIGHTS

We meet to-night for old time's sake, Parley Vous ?
A good old yarn, a strong hand-shake, Parley Vous ?
Each ugly mug we're glad to see,
To-night we're out upon the spree,
Good old friends and new ones, too.

Talk of Anzac and Gyppo land, Quies Kateer ;
The bints, the Wazir, the heat and sand, Tel-el-Kebir ;
The Suez Canal, all right in its way,
But give me the "Yarra" any day,
Ishmi, Yalla, Itchy koo.

The "Froggies" were very good, we know, Comprenez-
Vous,
To give us a share of the mud and snow, till we were blue.
But if they start another "Guerre,"
We'll sing "Australia won't be there,
Civvy now, la Guerre, Napoo."

So fill your glass with Aussie beer, have a few,
What's it matter if you get near to "fou-the-noo" ?
Tell the wife its Auld Lang Syne,
And take a good old Number Nine,
Inky, pinky, Parley Vous.

It's a hell of a song that we've just sung, Parley Vous ;
It's a hell of a song that we've just sung, Parley Vous ;
And the blighter that wrote it ought to be hung,
He's nothing else but a great big pun,
Inky-pinky, Parley Vous.

14 IT'S A LONG, LONG WAY TO TIPPERARY

By Judge and Williams.

Up to mighty London came an Irishman one day,
As the streets are paved with gold, sure ev'ryone was gay,
Singing songs of Piccadilly, Strand, and Leicester Square,
Till Paddy got excited, then he shouted to them there :

Chorus :

It's long way to Tipperary,
It's a long way to go ;
It's a long way to Tipperary,
To the sweetest girl I know ;
Good-bye, Piccadilly,
Farewell, Leicester Square,
It's a long, long way to Tipperary,
But my heart's right there.

Paddy wrote a letter to his Irish Molly O,
Saying, "Should you not receive it, write and let me know!"
If I make mistakes in spelling, Molly dear, said he,
Remember "it's the pen that's bad, don't lay the blame
on me."

Molly wrote a neat reply to Irish Paddy O,
Saying, "Mike Maloney wants to marry me and so,
Leave the Strand and Piccadilly, or you'll be to blame,
For love has fairly drove me silly—hoping you're the same."

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15

FIGHTING THE KAISER

Fighting the Kaiser,
Fighting the Kaiser,
Who'll come a-fighting the Kaiser with me ?
And we'll drink all his beer
And eat up all his sausages ;
Who'll come a-fighting the Kaiser with me ?

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16

RULE, BRITANNIA

By Arne.

When Britain first at heav'n's command,
Arose from out the azure main,
Arose, arose, arose, from out the azure main.
This was the charter, the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sang this strain :

Rule, Britannia ! Britannia, rule the waves !
Britons never shall be slaves.

The nations not so blest as thee
Must in their turn to tyrants fall,
Must in their turn, must in their turn to tyrants fall,
While thou shalt flourish, shalt flourish great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.

The muses still with freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coast repair,
Shall to thy happy coast, thy happy coast, repair,
Blest isle of beauty, with matchless beauty crown'd,
And manly hearts to guard the fair.

17 HUSH ! HERE COMES A WHIZZ BANG

Hush ! here comes a whizz bang,
Hush ! here comes a whizz bang,
Now, you soldiers, get down those stairs,
Down in your dug-outs and say your prayers,
Hush ! here comes a whizz bang,
And it's making straight for you,
And you'll see all the wonders of no man's land,
If a whizz bang (bump) hits you.

18 ARE WE DOWN-HEARTED ?

Are we down-hearted ? No-o-o-o,
Are we down-hearted ? No-o-o-o,
Are we down-hearted ? No, No, No.
Are we down-hearted ? No, No, No, No.

19 TILL THE STEW IN THE DIXIE GROWS COLD

Till the stew in the dixie grows cold,
And the boys are out on Church parade,
The Padre will say, "Come, lads, let's pray,"
While the stew in the dixie grows cold.

20 IF THE SERGEANT DRINKS YOUR RUM

If the Sergeant drinks your rum, never mind.
If the Sergeant drinks your rum, never mind.
He's entitled to a tot, but he takes the jolly lot,
If the Sergeant drinks your rum, never mind.

If old Jerry shells the trench, never mind.
If old Jerry shells the trench, never mind.
Though the blasted sandbags fly, you have only once to die.
If old Jerry shells the trench, never mind.

If you get stuck on the wire, never mind.
If you get stuck on the wire, never mind.
Though the light's as broad as day, when you die they
stop your pay.
If you get stuck on the wire, never mind.

21 LETTERS FROM LOUSY LOU

Letters from Lousy Lou-u,
Letters from Lousy Lou,
Letters for you and letters for me,
Letters from Lousy Lou.

22 ALL SOLDIERS LIVE ON BREAD AND JAM

All soldiers live on bread and jam,
All soldiers like it better than ham ;
Ev'ry morning you'll hear the Colonel say,
Form fours ! Right turn ! jam for dinner to-day.

*In the press, Popular Songs of Australia, words and music of 20 songs,
Where the Dog Sits on the Tuckerbox, Gundagai, Snake Gully Swagger,
Croajingolong. Price 2/-, posted 2/2.*

23 THE MOON SHINES BRIGHT ON CHARLIE CHAPLIN

The moon shines bright on Charlie Chaplin,
His boots are cracking, for want of blacking,
And his khaki trousers, they want mending,
Before we send him to the Dardanelles.

24 AND WHEN I DIE

And when I die, don't bury me at all,
Just pickle my bones in alcohol,
A bottle of booze at my head and my feet,
And then I'll know my bones will keep.

25 I LOVE MY WIFE

I love my wife, I love her dearly,
I love the lips she whistles through,
Her lily white arms, and her nut brown tresses,
I love my wife, I do, I do.

26 I HAD A GOOD JOB WHEN I LEFT

Left, left, I had a good job when I left,
Left, left, I had a good home when I left,
Left, left, oh, what a pity I left, left, left.

27 GLORIOUS

(One Keg of Beer Between the Four of Us.)

Drunk last night, drunk the night before,
Goin' to get drunk to-night,
If I never get drunk any more ;
When I'm drunk I'm as happy as can be,
For I am a member of the Souse family.
Glorious, glorious, one keg of beer for the four of us,
Glory be to all, there are no more of us,
For one of us could drink it all alone.

28 WHEN WE GET OUR CIVVY CLOTHES ON

When we get our civvy clothes on,
Oh, how happy we will be,
When this jolly war is over,
No more soldiering for me.

Only one more kit inspection,
Only one more Church parade,
Only one more marching order,
But of that we're not afraid.

When we get our civvy clothes on,
No more doing that C.B.,
No more going at the double,
No more war at all for me.

29

N-A-P

I'll go one, said Russia,
I'll go two, said France,
I'll go three, said Belgium,
If I only get the chance.
I'll go four, said Germany,
And wipe you off the map ;
But they all dropped dead
When John Bull said, "I'll go NAP !"

30

BATTALION SONG

The A.I.F. is merry,
The A.I.F. is gay,
The A.I.F. is happy
When they are on the spree.
They never, never quarrel,
They never disagree,
And the password of the A.I.F. is,
"Come-un-'ave a drink with me !"

31

AUSTRALIA WILL BE THERE

By Francis.

The Commonwealth of Australia,
Is a link in the Empire chain
Which has been sorely tested,
And stoutly stood the strain.
Its wide, open spaces
Will give a welcome true
To all who come and settle
With friends both old and new.

Chorus :

Rally round the banner of your country,
Take the field with brothers o'er the foam ;
On land or sea, wherever you be,
Keep your eye on liberty ;
But England, home and beauty,
Have no cause to fear.
Should auld acquaintance be forgot ?
No ! No ! No ! No ! No !
Australia will be there.
Australia will be there.

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BECAUSE WE'RE HERE

We're here because we're here, because we're here,
because we're here.
We're here because we're here, because we're here,
because we're here.

33 IF YOU WANT TO FIND THE SERGEANT

If you want to find the Sergeant,
I know where he is, I know where he is,
I know where he is,
If you want to find the Sergeant,
I know where he is.
He's lying on the Canteen floor,
I've seen him, I've seen him,
Lying on the Canteen floor,
I've seen him, I've seen him,
Lying on the Canteen floor.

If you want to find the Quarter-bloke,
I know where he is, I know where he is,
I know where he is.
If you want to find the Quarter-bloke,
I know where he is,
He's miles and miles behind the line,
I've seen him, I've seen him,
Miles and miles behind the line.
I've seen him, I've seen him,
Miles and miles behind the line.

If you want to find the Sergeant-Major,
I know where he is, I know where he is,
I know where he is.
If you want to find the Sergeant-Major,
I know where he is.
He's tossing off the privates' rum,
I've seen him, I've seen him,
Tossing off the privates' rum.
I've seen him, I've seen him,
Tossing off the privates' rum.

If you want to find the C.O.,
I know where he is, I know where he is,
I know where he is.
If you want to find the C.O.,
I know where he is.
He's down in a deep dug-out.
I've seen him, I've seen him,
Down in a deep dug-out.
I've seen him, I've seen him,
Down in a deep dug-out.

If you want to find the Infantry,
 I know where they are, I know where they are,
 I know where they are.
 If you want to find the Infantry,
 I know where they are,
 They're hanging on the old barbed wire.
 I've seen 'em, I've seen 'em,
 Hanging on the old barbed wire.
 I've seen 'em, I've seen 'em,
 Hanging on the old barbed wire.

34 JUST A WEE DEOCH-AN-DORIS

By Lauder.

Just a wee deoch-an'-doris,
 Just a wee yin, that's a',
 Just a wee deoch-an'-doris,
 Before we gang awa'.
 There's a wee wifie waiting',
 In a wee but-an'-ben ;
 If you can say, "it's a braw bricht moonlicht nicht,"
 Ye're a' richt, ye ken.

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35 THE BRIGADIER HE GETS TURKEY

The Brigadier, he gets turkey,
 The Colonel has his duck ;
 The Officers have poultry,
 They always were in luck.
 The Sergeants they get bread and cheese,
 And mop up all they can ;
 But all the poor old Privates get
 Is bread and jam.

36 WE HAVEN'T SEEN THE KAISER

We haven't seen the Kaiser for a deuce of a time,
 A deuce of a time, a deuce of a time,
 He came to France to see what we were doin',
 The Royal Army Service Corps will be his bally ruin,
 Oh, we haven't seen the Kaiser for a deuce of a time ;
 Perhaps he's been blown up by a mine ;
 He's the leader of the German band, Gott strafe him,
 He's no cousin of mine.

*In the press, Popular Songs of Australia, words and music of 20 songs,
 Where the Dog Sits on the Tuckerbox, Gundagai, Snake Gully Swagger,
 Crouchinglong. Price 2/-, posted 2/2.*

37 LITTLE WET HOME IN THE TRENCH

I've a little wet home in the trench,
Which the rainstorms continually drench,
There is a dead horse close by, with its feet to the sky,
And it gives off a terrible stench.
Underneath in the place of the floor
There's a mass of wet mud and some straw,
And the Jack Johnson's tear, through the rain sodden air,
O'er my little wet home in the trench.

There are snipers who keep on the go,
So you must keep your nappers down low,
And the star-shells at night make a deuce of a light,
Which causes the language to flow.
Then bully and biscuits we'll chew,
For 'tis days since we tasted a stew;
But with shells dropping there, there's no place to compare
With my little wet home in the trench.

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38 RAINING—STARVING—MARCHING

Raining, raining, raining,
Always bally well raining ;
Raining all the morning,
And raining all the night.
Grousing, grousing, grousing,
Always bally well grousing,
Grousing at the rations,
Grousing at the pay.

Marching, marching, marching,
Always bally well marching ;
Marching in the morning,
And marching in the night.
Marching, marching, marching.
Always bally well marching ;
When the war is over,
We'll bally well march no more.

Starving, starving, starving,
Always bally well starving ;
Starving all the morning,
And starving through the night.
Starving, starving, starving.
Always bally well starving ;
Grousing at the rations,
Grousing at the pay.

39 ROLLING HOME

Rolling home (rolling home), rolling home (rolling home).
By the light of the silvery moon, O,
I, O happy is the day when the Aussie draws his pay,
And fills his skin with whisky rolling home.

40 THERE'S A SPOT IN MY HEART

There's a spot in my heart that's the A.I.F.'s own,
And it's people with places and cobbles I've known ;
There's a place in my memory I'll ever keep bright,
To shine each September on Get-together night ;
Sure, we meet each year once again to renew,
All the friendships so valued and ever found true ;
May we long be together, our thoughts to enjoy,
And may God bless our meeting, Digger, my boy.

In the press, Most Popular Irish Songs, 25 songs including words and music, Mother Machree, Eileen Allamah, Shamus O'Brien, Little Town Ould County Down, and other favourites. Price 2/6, posted 2/9.

41 HERE'S TO THE GOOD OLD BEER, MOP IT DOWN

Here's to the good old beer,
Mop it down, mop it down.
Here's to the good old beer,
Mop it down, mop it down.
Here's to the good old beer,
That never leaves you queer,
Here's to the good old beer,
Mop it down.

Here's to the good old whiskey,
Mop it down, mop it down.
Here's to the good old whiskey,
Mop it down, mop it down.
Here's to the good old whiskey,
That makes you feel so frisky,
Here's to the good old whiskey,
Mop it down.

Here's to the good old porter,
Mop it down, mop it down.
Here's to the good old porter,
Mop it down, mop it down.
Here's to the good old porter,
That slips down as it oughter,
Here's to the good old porter,
Mop it down.

Here's to the good old brandy,
Mop it down, mop it down.
Here's to the good old brandy,
Mop it down, mop it down.
Here's to the good old brandy,
In little flasks so handy,
Here's to the good old brandy,
Mop it down.

Here's to the good old stout,
Mop it down, mop it down.
Here's to the good old stout,
Mop it down, mop it down.
Here's to the good old stout,
That makes you feel blown out,
Here's to the good old stout,
Mop it down.

Here's to the good old rum,
Mop it down, mop it down.
Here's to the good old rum,
Mop it down, mop it down.
Here's to the good old rum,
That warms your fingers, numb,
Here's to the good old rum,
Mop it down.

Here's to the good old port,
Mop it down, mop it down.
Here's to the good old port,
Mop it down, mop it down.
Here's to the good old port,
That makes you feel a sport,
Here's to the good old port,
Mop it down.

Here's to the good old gin,
Mop it down, mop it down.
Here's to the good old gin,
Mop it down, mop it down.
Here's to the good old gin,
And the shouting, noise and din,
Here's to the good old gin,
Mop it down.

42

I WANT TO GO HOME

I want to go home,
I want to go home,
I don't want to go to the trenches no more,
Where whizz bangs and shrapnel they whistle and roar.
Take me over the sea,
Where the Alleyman can't get at me.
Oh, my! I don't want to die,
I want to go home.

43

OLD SOLDIERS NEVER DIE

Old soldiers never die, never die, never die,
Old soldiers never die,
They simply fade away.

In the press, Tex Morton's Australian Bush Ballads and Old-Time Songs, words and music of over 20 songs, including The Black Sheep, Dying Stockman, Stockman's Last Bed, The Eumerella Share. All have guitar chords. Price 2/6, posted 2/9.

44

HOW DRY WE ARE

How dry we are, how dry we are,
 Lord only knows how dry we are ;
 We'll pawn our shoes
 To buy some booze,
 And swallow all the salty stews,
 Lord only knows how dry we are.

How dry we are, how dry we are,
 Lord only knows how dry we are ;
 They taught us how
 To drink long beers,
 Like thirsty mules and sandgut steers,
 Lord only knows how dry we are.

45

GOOD-BYE, MELBOURNE TOWN

By Hall.

Good-bye, Melbourne Town, Melbourne Town good-bye,
 I am leaving you to-day for a country far away ;
 Though to-day I'm stony broke, without a single brown,
 If I make a fortune I'll come back and spend it in dear
 old Melbourne Town.

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46

DOWN IN THE OLD FRONT LINE

(Tune of "Back Home in Tennessee.")

Down in the old front line,
 Oh, that won't do for mine ;
 Amongst the mud and slime,
 Amidst the slush and grime,
 All I can think of to-night
 Is the parapet so white ;
 Bombs are popping, shells are dropping,
 No relief in sight,
 The rum we ought to get,
 We see no signs of yet ;
 You bet we'll get trench feet,
 With nothing hot to eat.
 There's tons of shells to chase us,
 And no dugouts to save us,
 Till we get back, till we get back,
 Where there's wine and cheer for us.

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47

LEAP FROG

One grasshopper jump'd right over another grasshopper's back,

And another grasshopper jump'd right over that other grasshopper's back,

A third grasshopper jump'd right over the two grasshoppers' backs,

And they all kept jumping on.

They were only playing leap frog,

They were only playing leap frog,

They were only playing leap frog,

When one grasshopper jump'd right over the other grasshoppers' backs.

One staff officer jump'd right over another staff officer's back,

And a second staff officer jumped right over that other staff officer's back,

A third staff officer jump'd right over the two staff officers' backs,

And they all kept marching on.

They were only playing leap frog.

They were only playing leap frog.

They were only playing leap frog.

As one staff officer jump'd right over the other staff officers' backs.

48

THE OLD OAK CHEST

In memory of my daughter's wedding day,

Ten thousand pounds I'll give away.

Hooray.

On second thoughts I think it best,

To put it in the old oak chest,

You . . .

49

ONE MAN WENT TO MOW

Traditional.

One man went to mow, went to mow a meadow,

One man and his dog went to mow a meadow.

Two men went to mow, went to mow a meadow,

Two men, one man, and his dog went to mow a meadow.

Three men went to mow, went to mow a meadow,

Three men, two men, one man, and his dog went to mow a meadow.

Four men went to mow, went to mow a meadow,

Four men, three men, two men, one man, and his dog went to mow a meadow.

50

GUNDAGAI

By O'Hagan.

There's a track leading back to an old-fashioned shack,
Along the road to Gundagai,
Where the blue gums are growing and the Murrumbidgee's
flowing,
Beneath that sunny sky.
Where my daddy and mother are waiting for me,
And the pals of my childhood once more I will see ;
Then no more will I roam, when I'm heading right for home
Along the road to Gundagai.

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51 COME TO THE COOK HOUSE DOOR

Come to the cook house door, boys, come to the cook
house door,
When you see the Sergeant smile, boys, come to the
cook house door.

52 COME AND DO YOUR PICKET, BOYS

Come and do your picket, boys,
Come and do your guard ;
'Tisn't very easy, boys,
'Tisn't very hard.

53

PADDY DOYLE

(You can be a defaulter as long as you like.)
You can be a defaulter
As long as you like,
But you must come and answer your name.

54

THE OFFICERS' WIVES

The Officers' wives make pudding and pies,
The Privates they get skilly.

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55

I BOUGHT A HORSE

I bought a horse,
I bought a cow,
I bought a donkey ;
Oh, Gor' blimey, the donkey died.

56

VIVE L'AMOUR

Let ev'ry good fellow now join in a song,
Vive la compagne !
Success to each other and pass it along,
Vive la compagne !

Chorus :

Vive la Vive la, Vive l'amour,
Vive la, Vive la, Vive l'amour,
Vive l'amour, Vive l'amour, Vive la compagne !
A friend on the left hand and a friend on the right,
Vive la compagne !
In love and good fellowship let us unite,
Vive la compagne !

57 SEE THE CONQUERING HERO COMES

See the conqu'ring hero comes,
Songs of triumph to him sing.

58

BACK HOME IN TENNESSEE

By Donaldson.

Back home in Tennessee,
Just try to picture me
Right on my mother's knee,
She thinks the world of me,
All I can think of to-night
Is a field of snowy white,
Banjoes ringing, darkies singing,
All the world seems bright.
The roses round the door
Make me love mother more,
I'll see my sweetheart, Flo.,
And friends I used to know.
Why, they'll be right there to meet me,
Just imagine how they'll greet me
When I get back, when I get back
To my home in Tennessee.

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OLD MACDONALD HAD A FARM

Old MacDonald had a farm E-L-E-I-O,
And on that farm he had some chicks, E-L-E-I-O.

With a chick, chick, here,
And a chick, chick, there,
Here a chick, there a chick,
Ev'rywhere a chick-chick.

Old MacDonald had a farm, E-L-E-I-O,
And on this farm he had some ducks, E-L-E-I-O.

With a quack, quack, here,
And a quack, quack, there,
Here a quack, there a quack,
Ev'rywhere a quack-quack.

3. Turkeys (gobble, gobble). 4. Pig (hoink, hoink).
5. Ford (rattle, rattle).

OLD FOLKS AT HOME

By Foster.

Way down upon de Swanee ribber,
Far, far away,
Dere's wha' my heart is turning eber,
Dere's wha' de old folks stay.
All up and down de whole creation,
Sadly I roam,
Still longing for de old plantation,
And for de old folks at home.

Chorus :

All de world am sad and dreary,
Eb'rywhar I roam ;
Oh ! darkies, how my heart grows weary,
Far from de old folks at home.

All round de little farm I wander'd
When I was young ;
Den many happy days I squander'd,
Many de songs I sung.
When I was playing wid my brudder,
Happy was I ;
Oh, take my to my kind old mudder,
Dere let me live and die.

Repeat Chorus.

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61

JINGLE BELLS

Dashing thro' the snow,
 In a one-horse open sleigh ;
 O'er the fields we go,
 Laughing all the way ;
 Bells on bobtail ring,
 Making spirits bright ;
 What fun it is to ride and sing
 A sleighing song to-night.

Chorus :

Jingle bells, Jingle bells,
 Tinkling all the way,
 Oh ! what fun it is to skid
 In a one-horse open sleigh.
 Jingle bells, Jingle bells,
 Tinkling all the way,
 Oh ! what fun it is to skid
 In a one-horse open sleigh.

A day or two ago,
 I thought I'd take a ride ;
 And soon Miss Fannie Bright
 Was seated by my side.
 The horse was lean and lank,
 Misfortune seemed his lot ;
 He got into a drifted bank,
 And we, we got up sot.

Repeat Chorus.

62

JOHN BROWN'S BABY

John Brown's baby had a cold upon its chest ;
 John Brown's baby had a cold upon its chest ;
 John Brown's baby had a cold upon its chest ;
 So they rubbed it with camphorated oil.

63

WEDDING MARCH

Loud peal the joyful bells, as down the aisle they come,
 Fair is the happy bride, and proud and handsome the
 groom ;
 May they thro' years together see nought but sunny
 weather,
 Fortune always smile and true love light their way for ever.
 Loud peal the joyful bells, as down the aisle they come,
 Fair is the happy bride, and proud and handsome the groom.

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Pansy Blossom, Red River Valley, She'll Be Coming Round the
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64 THE VOICE THAT BREATHED O'ER EDEN

(For Weddings).

The voice that breathed o'er Eden,
That earliest wedding day,
The primal marriage blessing
It hath not passed away.

Still in the pure espousal
Of Christian man and maid,
The Holy THREE are with us,
The three-fold grace is said.

For dower of blessed children,
For love and faith's sweet sake,
For high mysterious union,
Which nought on earth may break.

65 YOU'RE TWENTY-ONE TO-DAY

By Devon and Romsey.

You're twenty-one to-day,
And all is bright and gay,
Your friends are here to wish you cheer,
Jolly good health for many a year,
It's only once that you'll be twenty-one.
Hip hoo ray, Let's be gay,
You're twenty-one to-day.

Drunks' quartet :

Twenty-one to-day. Twenty-one to-day.

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66

LA MARSEILLAISE

Ye sons of France awake to glory,
Hark ! hark ! what myriads round you rise !
Your children, wives and grandsires hoary,
Behold their tears and hear their cries !
Behold their tears and hear their cries !
Shall hateful tyrants, mischief breeding,
With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,
Affright and desolate the land,
While peace and liberty lie bleeding ?

To arms to arms, ye brave !
The avenging sword unsheath ;
March on, march on,
All hearts resolv'd on liberty or death.

67 WHY WAS HE BORN SO BEAUTIFUL?

Why was he born so beautiful,
Why was he born at all?
Why was he born so beautiful,
The fairest of them all.
Why was he born so beautiful,
We're wondering ev'ry day.
Why was he born so beautiful,
Is more than we can say.

68 THERE IS A TAVERN IN THE TOWN

(Traditional.)

There is a tavern in the town, in the town,
And there my dear love sits him down, sits him down.
And drinks his wine 'mid laughter free,
And never, never thinks of me.

Chorus :

Fare thee well, for I must leave thee,
Do not let the parting grieve thee,
And remember that the best of friends must part, must
part,
Adieu, adieu, kind friends, adieu, adieu,
I can no longer stay with you, stay with you ;
I'll hang my harp on a weeping willow tree,
And may the world go well with thee.

He left me for a damsel dark, damsel dark,
Each Friday night they used to spark, used to spark.
And now my love, once true to me,
Takes that dark damsel on his knee.

Repeat Chorus.

Oh ! dig my grave both wide and deep, wide and deep,
Put my tombstones at my head and feet, head and feet,
And on my breast carve a turtle dove,
To signify I died of love.

Repeat Chorus.

69 THERE'S NO PARADE TO-DAY

There's no parade to-day,
There's no parade to-day,
The Colonel's got a stomach ache,
The Adjutant's away.

70 FOR HE'S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW

For he's a jolly good fellow,
For he's a jolly good fellow,
For he's a jolly good fellow,
And so say all of us.
And so say all of us,
And so say all of us,
For he's a jolly good fellow,
And so say all of us.

71 FORTY YEARS ON

By Bowen and Farmer.

Forty years on, when afar and asunder,
Parted are those who are singing to-day,
When you look back, and forgetfully wonder,
What you were like in your work and your play,
Then it may be, there will often come o'er you,
Glimpses of notes like the catch of a song,
Visions of boyhood shall float them before you,
Echoes of dreamland shall bear them along !

Chorus :

Follow up ! Follow up ! Follow up ! Follow up !
Follow up ! Follow up !
Till the field ring again and again,
With the tramp of the twenty-two men.
Follow up ! Follow up !

O the great days, in the distance enchanted,
Days of fresh air, in the rain and the sun,
How we rejoiced as we struggled and panted,
Hardly believable forty years on !
How we discoursed of them, one with another,
Auguring triumph, or balancing fate,
Loved the ally with the heart of a brother,
Hated the foe with a playing at hate !

Forty years on, growing elder and older,
Shorter in wind, as in memory long,
Feeble of foot, and rheumatic of shoulder,
What will it help you that once you were strong ?
God gives us bases to guard or beleaguer,
Games to play out whether earnest or fun ;
Fights for the fearless, and goals for the eager,
Twenty, and thirty, and forty years on !

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THE ETON BOATING SONG

By Wheeler.

Jolly boating weather,
 Braced by a cooling breeze,
 Blades on the feather,
 Great days are these.
 Swing, swing together,
 With our bodies between our knees,
 Swing, swing together
 With our bodies between our knees.

Some may be more clever,
 Others may make more row.
 Our slogan ever,
 "Strong stroke bow."
 Nothing shall sever,
 The chain that is around us now.
 Nothing shall sever,
 The chain that is around us now.

Now the crews are ready,
 Now has the fight begun,
 Crowds, hot and heady,
 All yell and run.
 Strong, calm and steady,
 How we cheer when the race is won.
 Strong, calm and steady,
 How we cheer when the race is won.

Others fill our places,
 Still to the colours true.
 Crowds watch their races,
 We'll watch them too.
 Youth in our faces,
 We will cheer for the good old crew,
 Youth in our faces,
 We will cheer for the good old crew.

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TILL WE MEET AGAIN

By Egan and Whiting.

Smile the while you kiss me sad adieu,
 When the clouds roll by I'll come to you,
 Then the skies will seem more blue,
 Down in lovers' lane, my dearie.
 Wedding bells will ring so merrily,
 Ev'ry tear will be a memory,
 So wait and pray each night for me,
 Till we meet again.

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AULD LANG SYNE

By Burns.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind ?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days of auld lang syne ?

Chorus :

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne ;
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine,
We've wander'd mony a weary foot
Sin' auld lang syne.

We twa ha' sported i' the burn,
Frae mornin' sun till dine,
But seas between us braid ha'e roared,
Sin' auld lang syne.

And here's a hand, my trusty frien',
And gie's a hand o' thine,
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
Sin' auld lang syne.

75 WILL YE NO' COME BACK AGAIN?

By Nairne.

Bonnie Charlie's now awa',
Safely ower the friendly main ;
Mony a heart will break in twa
Should he ne'er come back again.

Chorus :

Will ye no come back again ?
Will ye no come back again ?
Better lo'ed ye canna be ;
Will ye no come back again ?

Hills he trod were all his ain,
Bed beneath the birken tree,
The bush that hid him on the plain,
None on earth can claim but he.

Sweet, the lav'rock's note and lang,
Liltin' wildly up the glen,
But aye to me he sings a song,
"Will ye no' come back again ?"

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MELBOURNE 'VARSITY SONG

We're 'Varsity Students all,
 Sir James he is our father,
 We throng the Wilson Hall,
 And love the ladies RATHER !

Chorus :

Toujours, toujours,
 Pour Bacchus et les amours.
 Yap, yap, yap, tra, la, la, la, la,
 Yap, yap, yap, tra, la, la, la, la,
 Yap, yap, yap, tra, la, la, la, la,
 Pour Bacchus et les amours.

And now God bless our land,
 Give the 'Varsity Council prudence,
 And bless his noblest work on earth,
 THE MELBOURNE 'VARSITY STUDENTS.

Copyright, Melbourne University Council.

77 BONNIE BANKS OF LOCH LOMOND

By yon bonnie banks, and by yon bonnie braes,
 Where the sun shines bright on Loch Lomond,
 Where me and my true love were ever want to gae,
 On the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lomond.

Chorus :

Oh, ye'll take the high road and I'll take the low road,
 And I'll be in Scotland afore ye ;
 But me and my true love will never meet again,
 On the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lomond.

'Twas then that we parted in yon shady glen
 On the steep, steep side of Ben Lomond,
 Where in purple hue the Highland hills we view,
 And the moon coming out in the gloaming.

Repeat Chorus.

The wee birdie sang,
 And the wild flowers spring,
 And in sunshine the waters are sleeping,
 But the broken heart as kens,
 Nae second Spring again,
 Tho' the waeful may cease frae their greeting.

Repeat Chorus.

*In the press, Popular Songs of Australia, words and music of 20 songs,
 Where the Dog Sits on the Tuckerbox, Gundagai, Snake Gully Swagger,
 Croajingolong. Price 2/-, posted 2/2.*

78 HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN

By Ager.

Happy days are here again !
The skies above are clear again,
Let us sing a song of cheer again,
Happy days are here again !
Altogether, shout it, now,
There's no one who can doubt it now,
So let's tell the world about it now,
Happy days are here again !
Your cares and troubles are gone,
There'll be no more from now on,
Happy days are here again !
The skies above are clear again,
Let us sing a song of cheer again,
Happy days are here again !

Happy days are here again !
Away with gloom, let's cheer again,

Let your slogan be this great refrain,
Happy days are here again !
Pull together, side by side,
Let each man get into his stride,
If we work and help to turn the tide,
On a sunbeam we will ride.
Our cares and troubles will fade,
If we buy "Australian made."
Happy days are here to-day,
And happy days are here to stay ;
So let's shoo those pessimists away,
Happy days are here to stay.
Happy days are here again !

79 WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME

By Lambert.

When Johnny comes marching home again, hurrah !
hurrah !
We'll give him a hearty welcome then, hurrah ! hurrah !
The men will cheer, the boys will shout,
The ladies they will all turn out,
And we'll all feel gay when Johnny comes marching home.

The old church bell will peal with joy, hurrah ! hurrah !
To welcome home our darling boy, hurrah ! hurrah !
The village lads and lassies say
With roses they will strew the way,
And we'll all feel gay when Johnny comes marching home.

81 SO EARLY IN THE MORNING

Also :

YOUR COMRADES WON'T BELIEVE YOU

So early in the morning,
So early in the morning,
So early in the morning,
Before the break of day.

Your comrades won't believe you.
Your comrades won't believe you.
Your comrades won't believe you.
Because you're telling lies.

80 MY BONNIE IS OVER THE OCEAN

By Fuller.

My Bonnie is over the ocean :
By Bonnie is over the sea :
My Bonnie is over the ocean.
O bring back my Bonnie to me !

Chorus :

Bring back, bring back.
Bring back my Bonnie to me :
Bring back, bring back,
O bring back my Bonnie to me !

O blow, ye winds, over the ocean.
O blow, ye winds, over the sea ;
O blow, ye winds, over the ocean,
And bring back my Bonnie to me.

Last night as I lay on my pillow,
Last night as I lay on my bed,
Last night as I lay on my pillow,
I dreamed that my Bonnie was dead.

The winds have blown over the ocean.
The winds have blown over the sea.
The winds have blown over the ocean,
And brought back my Bonnie to me.

*Now out, Allan's Hill Billy and Western Folio, words and music
23 songs, including Home on the Range, Hallelujah I'm a Bum, Red
River Valley, Letter Edged in Black, Bury Me not on the Lone Prairie.
Hand Me Down My Walking Cane. All good songs. Price 2/-.
posted 2/2.*

82 DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine,
Or leave a kiss within the cup,
And I'll not ask for wine ;
The thirst that from the soul doth rise
Doth ask a drink divine ;
But might I of Jove's nectar sip
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much hon'ring thee,
As giving it a hope that there
It could withered be ;
But thou thereon didst only breathe
And send'st it back to me ;
Since when it grows and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee.

83

THE OLD GRAY MARE

(Traditional.)

Oh, the old gray mare,
She ain't what she used to be,
Ain't what she used to be,
Ain't what she used to be,
The old gray mare,
She ain't what she used to be,
Many long years ago.

Refrain :

Many long years ago,
Many long years ago,
The old gray mare,
She ain't what she used to be
Many long years ago.

The old gray mare,
She kicked on the whiffletree,
Kicked on the whiffletree,
Kicked on the whiffletree,
The old gray mare,
She kicked on the whiffletree,
Many long years ago.

*In the press, Popular Songs of Australia, words and music of 20 songs,
Where the Dog Sits on the Tuckerbox, Gundagai, Snake Gully Swagger,
Croajingolong. Price 2/-, posted 2/2.*

84 I'VE LOST MY RIFLE AND BAYONET

I've lost my rifle and bayonet,
I've lost my pull-through, too ;
I've lost my disc and my puttees,
I've lost my four-by-two.
I've lost my housewife and hold-all,
I've lost my button-stick, too ;
I've lost my rations and greatcoat—
Sergeant, what shall I do ?
I've lost my rifle and bayonet,
I've lost my pull-through, too ;
I've lost the socks that you sent me,
They lasted the whole year through.
I've lost the razor that shaved me,
I've lost my four-by-two,
I've lost my hold-all, so now I've got blow-all,
Since I've lost you.

85 HOME, SWEET HOME

By Payne.

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home ;
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.

Chorus :

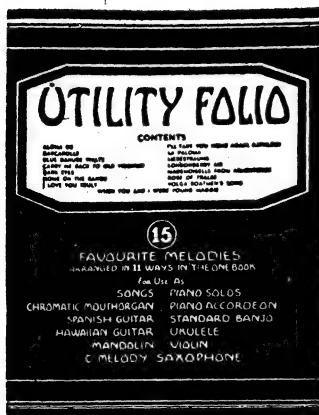
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
There's no place like home,
Oh, there's no place like home.

I gaze on the moon as I tread the drear wild,
And feel that my mother now thinks of her child
As she looks on that moon from our own cottage door,
Thro' the woodbine whose fragrance shall cheer me no more.

An exile from home, splendour dazzles in vain,
Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage again,
The birds singing gaily that came to my call,
Give me them, and that peace of mind dearer than all.

86 WASH ME IN THE WATER

Whiter than the white-wash on the wall,
Whiter than the white-wash on the wall,
Oh, wash me in the water that you wash'd your dirty
daughter,
And I shall be whiter than the white-wash on the wall.



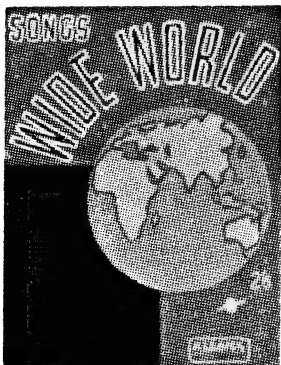
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87 COME, LANDLORD, FILL THE FLOWING BOWL

(Students' Song.)

Come, landlord, fill the flowing bowl,
Until it doth run over,
Come, landlord, fill the flowing bowl,
Until it doth run over.

Chorus :

For to-night we'll merry, merry be,
For to-night we'll merry, merry be,
For to-night we'll merry, merry be,
To-morrow we'll be sober.

Wake for the fal-al-al-al-i-do,
Wake for the fal-al-al-al-i-do,
Wake for the fal-al-al-al-ay,
To-morrow is a holiday.

The man who drinketh small beer,
And goes to bed quite sober,
Fades as the leaves do fade,
That drop off in October.

Repeat Chorus.

The man who drinketh strong beer,
And goes to bed right mellow,
Lives as he ought to live,
And dies a jolly good fellow.

Repeat Chorus.

But he who drinks just what he likes,
And getteth half-seas over,
Will live until he die perhaps,
And then lie down in clover.

Repeat Chorus.

The man who kisses a pretty maid,
And goes and tells his mother,
Ought to have his lips cut off,
And never kiss another.

Repeat Chorus.

Now out, Allan's Hill Billy, and Western Folio, words and music 23 songs, including Home on the Range, Hallelujah I'm a Bum, Red River Valley, Letter Edged in Black, Bury Me not on the Lone Prairie, Hand Me Down My Walking Cane. All good songs. Price 2/-, posted 2/2.

HOW DO YOU DO ?

(Traditional.)

Howdy do, Mister Speaker, howdy do ?
 Is there anything that we can do for you ?
 We'll do everything we can,
 We are with you to a man,
 Howdy do, Mister Speaker, howdy do ?

MICHAEL FINNIGAN

There was a man named Michael Finnagen,
 He grew whiskers on his chinagen,
 The wind came out and blew them inagen,
 Poor old Michael Finnagen,

There was a man named Michael Finnagen,
 He got drunk through drinking ginagen,
 Thus he wasted all his tinagen,
 Poor old Michael Finnagen,

There was a man named Michael Finnagen,
 He kicked up an awful dinagen,
 Because they said he must not singagen,
 Poor old Michael Finnagen,

There was a man named Michael Finnagen,
 He went fishing with a pinagen,
 Caught a fish but dropped it inagen,
 Poor old Michael Finnagen,

There was a man named Michael Finnagen,
 Climbed a tree and barked his shinagen,
 Took off several yards of skinagen,
 Poor old Michael Finnagen,

There was a man named Michael Finnagen,
 He grew fat and then grew thinagen,
 Then he died and had to begin agen,
 Poor old Michael Finnagen.

90 WHAT DID YOU JOIN THE ARMY FOR ?

What did you join the army for ?
 Why did you join the army ?
 What did you join the army for ?
 You must have been jolly well balmy.

In the press, Most Popular Irish Songs, 25 songs including words and music, Mother Machree, Eileen Allamah, Shamus O'Brien, Little Town Ould County Down, and other favourites. Price 2/6, posted 2/9.

91 SILVER THREADS AMONG THE GOLD

By Danks.

Darling, I am growing old,
Silver threads among the gold,
Shine upon my brow to-day ;
Life is fading fast away.
But my darling you will be, will be,
Always young and fair to me.
Yes, my darling, you will be,
Always young and fair to me.

Chorus :

Darling, I am growing old,
Silver threads among the gold,
Shine upon my brow to-day,
Life is fading fast away.

When your hair is silver white,
And your cheeks no longer bright,
With the roses of the May ;
I will kiss your lips and say,
Oh ! my darling, mine alone, alone,
You have never older grown.
Yes ! my darling, mine alone,
You have never older grown !

Love can never grow old,
Locks may lose their brown and gold,
Cheeks may fade and hollow grow,
But the hearts that love will know,
Never, never winter's frost and chill,
Summer warmth is in them still,
Never winter's frost and chill,
Summer warmth is in them still.

92

GOOD-BYE, ANZAC

Good-bye, Anzac, good-bye, Anzac, good-bye, Anzac,
We hate to leave you now ;
Sorrowful we sail away, sail away, sail away,
Sorrowful we sail away,
O'er the dark blue sea.

Farewell, Anzac, farewell, Anzac, farewell, Anzac,
Someday we're coming back ;
Guard our lonely soldiers' graves, soldiers' graves, soldiers'
graves,
Guard our lonely soldiers' graves,
Till we come again.

SILENT NIGHT, HOLY NIGHT

By Gruber.

Silent night ! Holy night !
 All is calm, all is bright,
 Round yon virgin mother and child,
 Holy infant, so tender and mild,
 Sleep in heavenly peace,
 Sleep in heavenly peace.

Silent night ! Holy night !
 Shepherds quake at the sight !
 Glories stream from Heaven afar,
 Heav'nly hosts sing Alleluia,
 Christ, the Saviour, is born !
 Christ, the Saviour, is born !

Silent night ! Holy night !
 Son of God, love's pure light,
 Radiant beams from Thy holy face,
 With the dawn of redeeming grace,
 Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth,
 Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth.

94 IT'S THE NAVY, IT'S THE NAVY

By Darewski.

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A jolly life is a sailor's life,
 He's proud that he belongs
 To the Navy, the British Navy.
 A real good sport, a wife in each port,
 He doesn't fear the foe.
 He's one of the Navy, a boy in blue ;
 But when duty calls to the rattle of the guns,
 They'll be there, Britannia's bravest sons ;
 And should the foe invade our shores,
 We'll teach them a lesson, and they'll know what for.

Chorus :

It's the Navy, it's the Navy,
 That's Britannia's pride and joy.
 It's the Navy, it's the Navy,
 When you hear their—Ship ahoy.
 Ev'ry sailor, ev'ry sailor,
 Is as proud as proud can be ;
 Well we don't want to fight,
 But by jingo if we do
 We'll show Britannia still (what) the Mistress of the Sea.

95 THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND

By Parker and Charles.

Copyright, Irwin Dash & Co. Ltd., London.

Chorus :

There'll always be an England,
While there's a country lane ;
Wherever there's a cottage small,
Beside a field of grain.
There'll always be an England,
While there's a busy street ;
Wherever there's a turning wheel,
A million marching feet.
Red, white and blue,
What does it mean to you ?
Surely you're proud, shout it aloud,
Britons, awake, the Empire, too,
We can depend on you.
Freedom remains, these are the chains,
Nothing can break.
There'll always be an England,
And England shall be free,
If England means as much to you,
As England means to me.

96 HERE'S A HEALTH UNTO HIS MAJESTY

By Saville.

Here's a health unto His Majesty,
With a fa la la la la la la,
Confusion to his enemy.
With a fa la la la la la la,
And he that would not pledge his health,
We'd wish him neither health nor wealth,
Nor yet a rope to hang himself ;
With a fa la la la la la la la la,
Fa la la la la la la la.

Pledge we, one and all, His Majesty
With a fa la la la la la la,
With free and loving loyalty,
With a fa la la la la la la,
Now who would not his goblet drain ?
We'd wish him neither joy, nor gain
To fill an empty purse again ;
With a fa la la la la la la la la la,
Fa la la la la la la la.

In the press, Tex Morton's Australian Bush Ballads and Old-Time Songs, words and music of over 20 songs, including The Black Sheep, Dying Stockman, Stockman's Last Bed, The Eumerella Share. All have guitar chords. Price 2/6, posted 2/9.

JOHN PEEL

(Traditional.)

D'ye ken John Peel, with his coat so gay ?
 D'ye ken John Peel at the break of the day ?
 D'ye ken John Peel when he's far, far away,
 With his hounds and his horn in the morning ?

Chorus :

For the sound of his horn brought me from my bed,
 And the cry of his hounds which he oft-times led ;
 Peel's view hallo would awaken the dead
 Or the fox from his lair in the morning.

Yes, I ken John Peel, and Ruby, too,
 Ranter and Ringwood, Bellman and True,
 From a find to a check from a check to a view,
 From a view to a death in the morning.

COCKLES AND MUSSELS

By Yorkston.

In Dublin's fair city,
 Where the girls are so pretty,
 I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone,
 As she wheel'd her wheelbarrow
 Thro' streets broad and narrow,
 Crying cockles and mussels ! alive, alive, O !

Chorus :

Alive, alive, O !
 Alive, alive, O !
 Crying cockles and mussels !
 Alive, alive, O !

She was a fishmonger,
 But sure 'twas no wonder,
 For so were her father and mother before,
 And they each wheel'd their barrow,
 Thro' streets broad and narrow,
 Crying cockles and mussels ! alive, alive, O !

She died of a fever,
 And no one could save her,
 And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone,
 But her ghost wheels her barrow,
 Thro' streets broad and narrow,
 Crying cockles and mussels ! alive, alive, O !

WALTZING MATILDA

Once a jolly swagman camp'd by a billabong
 Under the shade of a cooibah tree,
 And he sang as he watch'd and waited till his billy boil'd :
 You'll come a-waltzing, Matilda, with me.
 Waltzing, Matilda,
 Waltzing, Matilda,
 You'll come a-waltzing, Matilda, with me.
 And he sang as he watch'd and waited till his billy
 boil'd :
 You'll come a-waltzing, Matilda, with me.

Down came a jumbuck to drink at that billabong,
 Up jumped the swagman and grabbed him with glee,
 And he sang as he shoved that jumbuck in his tucker bag :
 You'll come a-waltzing, Matilda, with me.

Up rode the squatter mounted on his thoroughbred,
 Down came the troopers, One, Two, Three,
 Who's that jolly jumbuck you've got in your tucker-bag ?
 You'll come a-waltzing, Matilda, with me.

Up jump'd the swagman, sprang into the billabong,
 "You'll never catch me alive," said he.
 And his ghost may be heard as you pass by that billabong,
 You'll come a-waltzing, Matilda, with me.

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100 TAKE ME BACK TO DEAR AUSSIE

Take me back to dear Australia,
 Put me on the boat for Melbourne Town,
 Drop me anywhere, put me anywhere,
 Sydney, Perth, or Adelaide, well, I don't care,
 I want to see my best girl,
 Cuddling up again, we soon shall be,
 Take me to dear old Aussie, Blighty is a failure,
 Aussie is the place for me.

101 WHEN WE'RE TOGETHER

When we're together, together, together,
 When we're together, so happy are we.
 For your friends are my friends,
 And my friends are your friends,
 Oh, when we're together, so happy are we.

O COME, ALL YE FAITHFUL

By Reading.

O come, all ye faithful,
 Joyful and triumphant,
 O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem ;
 Come and behold Him
 Born the King of Angels.
 O come, let us adore Him,
 O come, let us adore Him,
 O come, let us adore Him,
 Christ, the Lord.

God of God,
 Light of light,
 Lo He abhors not the Virgin's womb ;
 Very God,
 Begotten, not created.

Sing choir of Angels,
 Sing in exultation,
 Sing, all ye citizens of heav'n above,
 Glory to God,
 In the highest.

Yea, Lord we greet Thee,
 Born this happy morning,
 Jesu to Thee be glory giv'n,
 Word of the Father,
 Now in flesh appearing.

CARRY ON

By J. O'Hogan.

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When you're blue, just carry on,
 Troubles are only bubbles that fade away,
 Smile and simply carry on.
 Where there's a smile no sorrow can ever stay,
 Even in the darkest hours,
 Remember that night is followed by the dawn,
 Whenever you feel blue,
 Her's all you've got to do,
 Carry on, Carry on, Carry on.
 Carry on, Carry on,
 Like the boys that won the war,
 Carry on, Carry on,
 Keep our banner to the fore,
 Carry on, Carry on,
 Let us give old gloom the air,
 Carry on, Carry on,
 And Advance, Australia Fair.
 When you're blue, just carry on,

Troubles are only bubbles that fade away,
Smile and simply carry on,
Where there's a smile, no sorrow can ever stay.
Even in the darkest hours,
Remember that night is followed by the dawn,
When ever you feel blue,
Here's all you've got to do,
Carry on, Carry on, Carry on.

104

HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU

Happy birthday to you,
Happy birthday to you,
Happy birthday, dear . . .
Happy birthday to you.
Merry Christmas to you,
Merry Christmas to you,
Merry Christmas, dear . . .
Merry Christmas to you.

Good morning to you,
Good morning to you,
Good morning, dear . . .
Good morning to you.

What the heck do we care,
What the heck do we care,
What the heck, Mr. . . .
What the heck do we care.

Come and see us again,
Come and see us again,
Come and see us, Mr. . . .
Come and see us again.

105

GOD SAVE THE KING

God save our gracious King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King.
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the King.

Thy choicest gifts in store,
On him be pleased to pour,
Long may he reign.
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause,
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the King.

DEAR OLD PALS

By Hunter.

I like my share of pleasure and I'll have it while I can,
 I love a loving woman, and respect an honest man ;
 I like to find true friendship in the life that's rolling by,
 And such is always found between my old pal Tom and I.

Chorus :

We're. Dear old pals, jolly old pals,
 Like. Clinging together in all sorts of weather,
 We're. Dear old pals, jolly old pals,
 Still. Give me the friendship of dear old pals.

We've tasted of the "ups" of life, we've also felt its
 "downs,"

Sometimes our pockets held bright gold, and sometimes
 only "browns,"

And be our drink bright sparkling "Cham.," or merely
 humble beer,

The grasp of friendship's been the same thro' each succeed-
 ing year.

Repeat Chorus.

HOME ON THE RANGE

By Guion.

Oh, give me a home where the buffalo roam,
 Where the deer and the antelope play,
 Where seldom is heard a discouraging word,
 And the skies are not cloudy all day.

Refrain :

Home, home on the range,
 Where the deer and the antelope play,
 Where seldom is heard a discouraging word
 And the skies are not cloudy all day.

How often at night, when the heavens are bright
 With the light from the glittering stars,
 Have I stood here amazed, and asked as I gazed,
 If their glory exceeds that of ours ?

BRIDAL CHORUS

(From "Lohengrin")

Hail to the bride !
 Hail to the bride !
 Greet her with rapture,
 O greet her with love.
 Hail to the bride !
 Hail to the bride !
 Sweet as the rosebud and fair as the dove.

MOTHER'S DAY

By Wood.

Mother's Day, Mother's Day,
 When we show our affection and pride.
 Mother's Day, Mother's Day
 When we're happy to stand by her side.
 Who has always loved and guided us,
 Helped and cheered and chided us,
 We're proud to be with you, and cheer you
 On this and ev'ry other day.

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110 HOW YA GONNA KEEP 'EM DOWN ON
THE FARM ?

By Lewis, Young and Donaldson.

How 'ya gonna keep 'em down on the farm,
 After they've seen Paree ?
 How 'ya gonna keep 'em away from Broadway,
 Jazzin' aroun', and paintin' the town ?
 How 'ya gonna keep 'em away from harm ?
 That's a mystery ;
 They'll never want to see a rake or plow,
 And who the deuce can parley vous a cow ?
 How ya' gonna keep 'em down on the farm
 After they've seen Paree ?

Copyright, D. Davis & Co. Ltd., Sydney.

111 ALOHA OE (FAREWELL TO THEE)

'Tis the time our paths must part for ever,
 And life hold no joy again for me, dear,
 All the ties of love we now must sever,
 'Tis the time I must say farewell to thee.

Chorus :

Farewell to thee ! Farewell to thee !
 To my heart it brings a pain no words can tell, dear ;
 Farewell to thee ! thy sacred memory,
 Will live forever, farewell, farewell.

When the gold is in the sky at morning,
 And shadows of twilight kiss the sea, dear,
 In the gloom of night or glow of dawning,
 In my dreams thou shalt e'er be near to me.

*In the press, Popular Songs of Australia, words and music of 20 songs,
 Where the Dog Sits on the Tuckerbox, Gundagai, Snake Gully Swagger,
 Croajingolong. Price 2/-, posted 2/2.*

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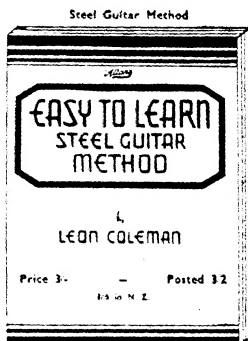
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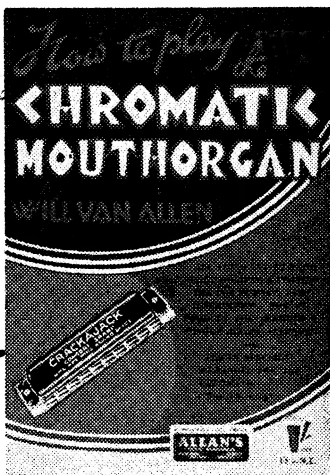
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